

Mages and bees by OrangeLovePerson

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Summary: Just some short little Mileven fluff. (Spring, 1985.)

Mages and bees

„And then there's this giant sword, of course, but it's not easy to find and a little too heavy for at least 80 percent of the warriors or so. That's why it's so important for Dustin's character to discover it early on, you know?"

El nods, smiling as their hands touch every couple steps, the air around them warm. Mirkwood looks pretty today.

„And then I thought I could create some sort of war-plot twist again, but I'm not sure yet how exactly that will turn out. Maybe I should just stick to the original plan and let them get trapped somewhere..."

„Mike?"

„Yeah?", he asks, suddenly a little more aware of the fact that he's probably been super-boring for at least twenty-five minutes, and it's Sunday, and tomorrow he'll spend most of his day in school again, away from her. Maybe they won't even see each other again until Thursday or so, so why the hell does he waste so much time on D&D monologues? God, he's such a waistoid.

But she's smiling. Somehow, she's smiling at him, so maybe he didn't really mess up...

„Your arm."

He looks at her, puzzled, then down at his T-shirt sleeves. „My..-?"

„There's a bee on you.", she replies, calmly, and SHIT, there actually is one!

„Aahh!", he exclaims, jumping up and down like a rag doll and the mouthbreather that he apparently is, but it's not worth it, the bee keeps sticking to his skin like a tic tac shaped band-aid.

And the whole time Eleven keeps watching him with all the calmness in the world. He hates bees! Does anyone NOT hate bees? They somehow always manage to get near him, scaring the hell out of Mike and mostly ending up dead due to his clumsy, sting-inviting

movements. And of course this would happen in front of El, of all people, him getting a nasty, red bruise again from some terrifying insect...

But, after thirty seconds or so, Eleven giggles softly, causing Mike to finally look up.

There it is, the bee, gently floating over to her in a way that's way too direct to be natural. El opens her palm, letting it land there.

„It's not moving, see?”, she tells Mike, still smiling gently. „I froze it.”

„Like... like what you did to Troy, last year?”, Mike wonders, amazed as he remembers how awesome motionless bladder-explosions can be.

„U-hm.”, she nods, watching the animal slowly crawl around on her palm now, coming back to life, it seems.

„That's- that's really cool, El.”, he tells her, watching the curve of her smile and the way her lashes almost touch her cheeks right now, and he wants to check the time and see how much more they got left for today, but he also doesn't really want to look away.

„Bees aren't scary.”, Eleven states, confidently, and she beams at him while he grins, sheepishly.

„Well, they can also sting, so be careful.”, is what Mike tells her, but it doesn't even look like the bee is really touching El's skin. It's probably still floating, close to the surface of her palm. Drawn to her like a magnet but never going to cause pain. That's the effect she has, El.

„It's not going to sting. Next time, you don't have to dance.”, she explains, sweetly, and the smug glint in her eyes is only a tiny, tiny bit sarcastic.

She lets the bee float off and away from them, reaching for Mike's hand again and snuggling slightly into his side, as they keep walking. And she is perfect. Ridiculously, mindblowingly, perfect.

„Spider-dances are funnier, anyway.”, she then confusingly mutters,

but it sounds like she's mostly talking to herself, this time.

Well, Mike thinks, these mages surely are a mystery.